

The Heat of the Oven.

USE these tests to get the proper heat for baking: For sponge cake have heat that will, in five minutes, turn a piece of white paper yellow. For bread and pastry have an oven that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper dark brown. When the oven is too hot the temperature may be reduced by putting in a pan of cold water.

The Ability to Speak Wisely and Well Is a Great Gift



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the assassination in 1610 of Henry IV. of France, the famous soldier and statesman. He was stabbed by a fanatic, Ravallot, after a premonition that he was going to be killed. To Henry IV. France owed the religious toleration granted to the Huguenots.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress

David Takes His Orders as Chauffeur from Desiree Leighton and Finds in Her Beauty Cause For Reflection.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER V.

PROMPTLY at the hour named by Samuel Leighton, David Smith DeLaine presented himself at the door of his new employer. His ring was answered by a neat parlor maid, who looked at him inquiringly. "I am here for my orders from Miss Leighton," the man said. "Sir?" The girl's exclamation of bewilderment awoke David to the disconcerting appreciation that she mistook him for a caller. "I am the new chauffeur," he explained quickly. "Mr. Leighton directed me to report for orders this morning."

"Oh—yes, sir—I mean all right! I'll tell Miss Leighton. Step inside, please." She made as though she would have shown him into the drawing-room, but he forestalled this by remarking, "I will wait here in the hall."

He remained standing when she went upstairs. He was tempted to laugh at the position in which he found himself. He glanced down ruefully at his well-fitting clothes and at his new hat. He remembered how he had seen chauffeurs and cabmen twist their hats about in their hands. He would follow their example when talking to the young lady of the house. He must watch his speech and show the deference proper from a hireling to the daughter of his employer.

A footfall on the broad stairs made him glance up. Miss Leighton was descending. She came down lightly, but not rapidly, and he had time to take in details of her appearance before she met his gaze.

He saw that she was slender and graceful, that she had the dark coloring and delicate features that interested him, supposed, from her French mother. He recollected in that instant that his aunt had told him that her own French forbears came from the part of France from which Desiree's mother had come. DeLaine, in spite of his own French blood, was fair, like his American father. But this girl did not look like Samuel Leighton.

Rather Embarrassed. These thoughts flashed through his mind even while he was noting the dainty violet-colored negligee of silk and lace, caught at throat and waist by tiny knots of artificial violets.

As she saw the man waiting for her, Desiree came forward in a business-like way. Then, looking full at him, she hesitated. "Oh—there must be some mistake—I mean—I understood my maid to say that the new chauffeur—"

She stopped, blushing with confusion. Evidently his appearance had made—she said—impression on the mistress that it had upon the maid.

DeLaine hastened to relieve her mind. "Yes, Madam"—(he could not bring himself to say "ma'am")—"I am Smith, the new chauffeur."

Mr. Leighton ordered me to report to you at 11 o'clock. "Oh, yes," she looked relieved, but David could see that she was still puzzled. "Then you are Smith. That is all right. Won't you—"

she hesitated—"perhaps you will step in here—into the library—while I talk to you."

It made her uncomfortable to have this man standing like an ordinary servant in the hall. DeLaine understood that he must try to correct her first idea of him if he would keep his secret safe. As she went into the library, he stood to one side, then following her, remained just inside the door his eyes downcast, twisting his hat around and around in his hands. The girl herself did not sit down.

"My father has, of course, told you what your duties will be." "He gave me to understand that I would receive my orders from you, Miss."

(Suddenly that sounded more servile than anything else he had said.)

"She gives her orders." "But we can arrange all those details later," she said, plainly anxious to end the interview. "Let me see," with a glance at the clock on the mantelshelf, "it is just five minutes past eleven now. I would like you—I mean I want you to

Puss in Boots, Jr.

As soon as Puss Junior and Tom Thumb had knocked upon the front door of the pretty little cottage it was opened by a little yellow hen, who bowed and invited them in. By the light of the big open fire Puss Junior could see a little old man sitting at the farther end of the room. He was eating his supper, but on hearing the door open asked in a thick, cracked voice, "Who is it?"

"Puss in Boots, Junior and Tom Thumb, Esq.," replied the two small travelers. And then the little hen led them over to the table and said: "Grandfather, you see before you two famous characters."

"Sit down, my friends, and sup with me," said the little old man, and as this was just what Puss and Tom most desired at that moment they did as they were bid, and presently they were enjoying a most delicious meal. Pretty soon the little old man said:

"I have a little hen, the prettiest I have ever seen."

She washes me the dishes and keeps the house clean;

She goes to the mill to fetch me some flour,

She brings it home in less than an hour;

She bakes me my bread, she brews me my ale,

She sits by the fire and tells many a fine tale."

"What kind of stories does she tell?" asked Tom Thumb, crossing his small legs and gazing into the

fire, for he felt very comfortable just then, with a fine supper under his waistcoat.

"Well, one of her stories," said the little old man, drawing his chair up to the fire and sitting down between Puss Junior and Tom Thumb. "It is about the giant and the beanstalk. She's the little hen that laid the golden eggs for the giant, you know."

And when he heard this Puss Junior jumped to his feet and ran over the little hen, who was busy clearing the supper table. "Don't you remember me?" he said. "And the little hen replied: 'Of course, I do. I have never forgotten what you did for me at the giant's house.'"

"And I shan't forget how you met me at the top of the beanstalk and showed me the way to his castle," replied Puss. "Come, come," cried the little old man, "leave the supper dishes, you two. Come over to the fire and let us hear Puss Junior tell the story of Jack and the Beanstalk."

So they all sat down and waited for Puss to commence. And next time you shall hear what Puss told them.

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A Woman's Way.

"Men are always late! I have waited here since 7 o'clock for my husband and it is now 8:30." "And when were you to meet him?" "At 5 o'clock!"

JUNE K.

I wonder if you do not give this young man cause to stare at you, as you appear to have him so acutely on your mind. You complain that he is conceited, and at the same time you would like to know him. Would you really enjoy meeting a conceited young man? The only way to become introduced to a young man properly is to have some one acquainted with both make the introduction.

Of Pleasing Personality.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young lady of good character and pleasing personality. I am very nice to people I meet. Although I have gone out with many young men, still I have not as yet met any I could love. The young man I go out with sees me once or twice and then drops off for no reason at all. Therefore I am writing to you to please advise me what the trouble is. I am sure I treat them the best I know how, but I do not succeed in my enterprise.

JUNE K.

I wonder if you do not carry that pleasing personality of yours a little bit too far, my dear June K. Sometimes too great a desire to please is even more disconcerting than too little, as it injects the quality of tension into the atmosphere, and keeps one's friends from feeling comfortable and at ease. This may not be the trouble, however. Why not try and take a sympathetic interest in subjects that concern your friends? Most men like to talk if they are assured in advance of a good listener; any woman can be a good listener.

Practical Economy.

An old couple who used to buy a quart of ale every night were persuaded by a friend to purchase a small barrel on economical grounds. The evening that the barrel was brought, and the first quart consumed, the old wife said, "Well, George, we've saved something on our ale tonight." "That's so," replied her husband. "Let's have another quart and save some more."

Natural Growth.

An alteration arose between a farmer and a group of people with the same facial characteristics who showed the same mental tendencies, but that would not prove that the same condition held true of all people with these characteristics.

Just as there are almost no two people physically absolutely alike, so no two people with the same general physical characteristics

Here's the New Glycerine Feather

It Has the Decorative Charm and the Gentle Sweep of the Weeping Willow



This hat, one of the smart creations from a famous milliner, has a unique shape and yet adjusts itself to the face with admirable nicety. It rolls down at the left side. The cluster of feathers gives it chic effect so much sought after in the world of fashion.

Advice to the Lovelorn

A CONCEITED YOUNG MAN.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am in love with a young man whom I know to be conceited, and I have tried many times to become acquainted with him, but have not succeeded. Could you tell me how, as I have not spoken to him? He treats me sometimes by his looks and his manner toward me—I always find him staring.

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"The Dark Star"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

By an Unexpected Bit of Strategy Three Spies Disguised as Street Sweepers Get Olivewood Box

And now the taxicab turned into the rue Soliel d'Or—a new street to Neeland and his three cab-student days, and only one square long, with a fountain in the middle and young chestnut trees already thickly crowned with foliage lining both sides of the street.

But although the rue Soliel d'Or was a new street to him, Paris construction is also a rapid affair. The street was faced by charming private houses built of gray Caen stone; the fountain with its golden-sundial, with the seated figure—a life-size replica of Manishi's original in the Metropolitan Museum—serenely and beautifully holding its place between the Renaissance facades and rows of slender trees.

Summer had not yet burned foliage on the trees; the freshness of spring itself seemed still to reign there.

Three blue-bloused street sweepers with hose and broom were washing the asphalt as their cab slowed down, sounding its horn to warn them out of the way. And, the spouting hose still in their hands, the street cleaners stepped out of the gutter before the pretty private hotel of Madame la Princesse.

Already a butler was opening the grille; already the chauffeur had swung Neeland's steamer trunk and suitcase to the sidewalk; already the Princess and Rue were advancing to the house, while Neeland fumbled in his pocket for the fare.

An Unexpected Coup.

The butler, bowing, relieved him of the olive-wood box. At the same instant the blue-bloused man with the hose turned the powerful stream of water directly into the butler's face, knocking him flat on the sidewalk; and his two comrades tripped up Neeland, passed a red sash over his head, and hurried him aside, blinding him, staggering at random, tearing furiously at the wide band of woolen cloth which seemed to suffocate him.

Already the chauffeur had tossed the olive-wood box into the cab; the three blue-bloused men sprang in after it; the chauffeur slipped into his seat, threw in the clutch, and, driving with one hand, turned a pistol on the half-drowned butler, who had reeled to his feet and was lunging forward to seize the steering wheel.

The taxicab, gathering speed, was already turning the corner of the rue de la Lune when Neeland managed to free throat and eyes from the swathe of the cloth. The butler, checked by the leveled pistol, stood dripping, still almost blinded by the force of the water from the hose; but he had plenty of pluck, and he followed Neeland on a run to the corner of the street.

The street was absolutely empty, except for the sweepers, and the big, fat, slate-colored pigeons that strutted and cooed under the shadow of the chestnut trees.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Rue Soliel d'Or.

Marlotte, in a dry, dry clothes, had served luncheon—a silent, respectable, self-respecting man, calm in his fury at the incredible outrage perpetrated upon his person.

And now luncheon was over; the Princess at the telephone in her boudoir; Rue in the music-room with Neeland, still excited, anxious, confused.

Astonishment, mortification, anger, had left Neeland silent; and the convention known as luncheon had been appealed to him.

But very little was said during that formality; and in the silence the serious nature of the episode which so suddenly had deprived the Princess of the olive-wood box and the papers it contained impressed Neeland more and more deeply.

The utter unexpectedness of the outrage—the helpless figure he had cut—infuriated him, and the more he reflected the madder he grew when he realized that all he had gone through meant nothing now—that every effort had been sterile, every waste of every step had been taken from Brookhollow to Paris—to the very doorstep where his duty ended—had been taken in vain.

It seemed to him in his anger and humiliation that never had any man been so derided, so heartlessly mocked by the gods.

As now, as he sat there, behind lowered blinds in the cool half-light of the music-room, he could feel the hot blood of resentment and chagrin in his cheeks.

"Nobody could have foreseen it," repeated Rue Carew in a pretty, wildered voice. "And if the Princess Naia had no suspicions, how could I harbor any—or how could you?"

Should Have Been Careful.

"I've been sufficiently tricked—or I thought I had been—to be on my guard. But it seems not. I ought never to have been caught in such a disgusting trap—such a simple, silly, idiotic case! But—good Lord! How on earth was a man to suspect anything so—so naturally planned and executed—so simply done. It was an infernal masterpiece. Rue, but—that is no consolation to a man who has been made to appear like a monkey!"

The Princess, entering overheard; and she seated herself and looked tranquilly at Neeland as he resumed his place on the sofa.

"You were not to blame, Jim, she said. 'It was my fault. I had warning enough at the railroad terminal when an accident to my car was reported to me by the control through you.' She added, calmly: 'There was no accident.'"

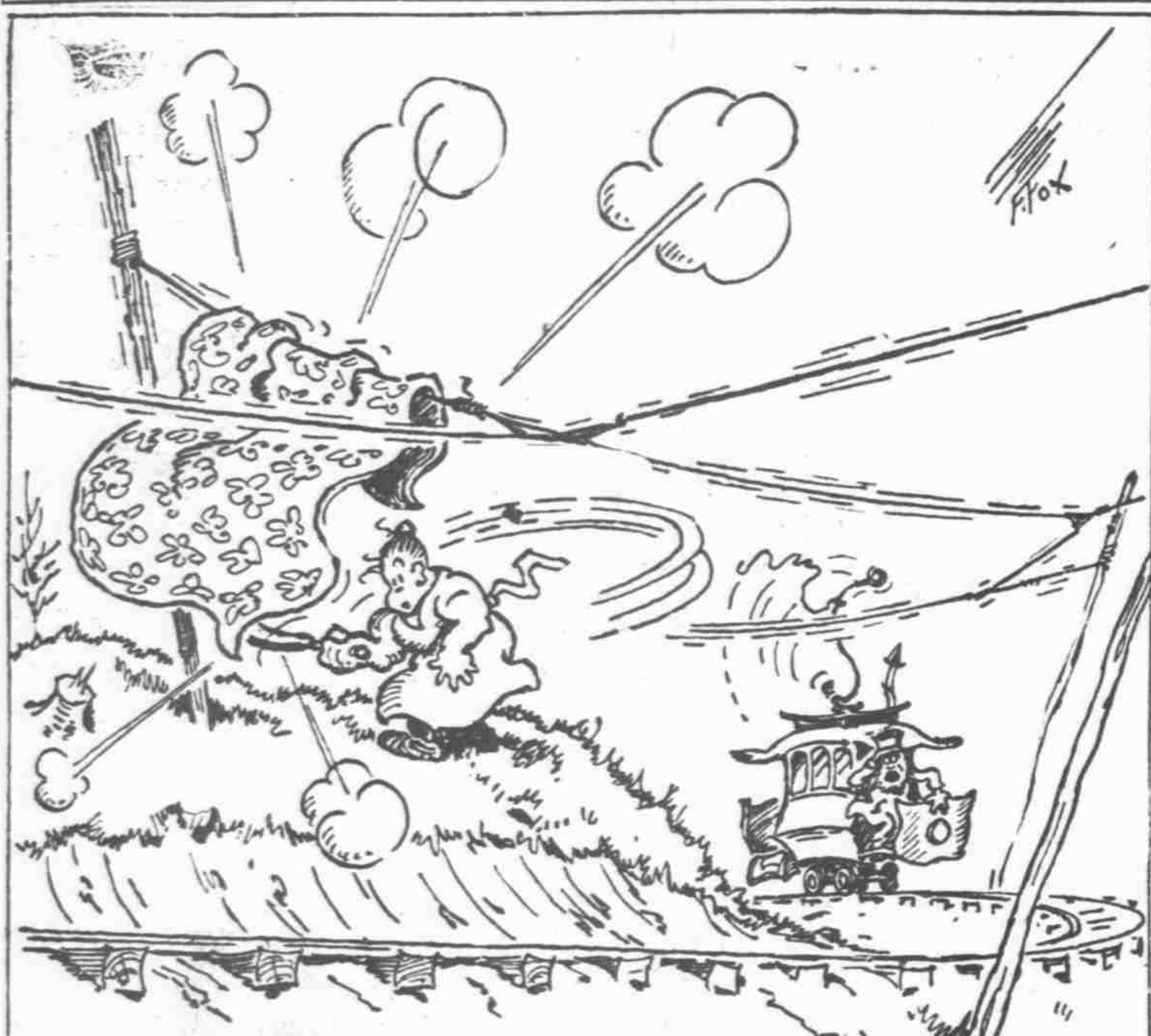
"No accident!" exclaimed Neeland, astonished.

None at all. My new footman, who followed us to the waiting saloon for incoming trains, returned

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains.

By FONTAINE FOX.



THE SKIPPER DISCOVERS THAT THE POWERFUL KATRINKA HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TROLLEY POLE JUMPING OFF ABOUT EVERY HUNDRED YARDS.

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